NEWS and GOSSIP of WASHINGTON

Vice-President Now Has a Nice Flag for Himself

WASHINGTON.—Vice-President Thomas R. Marshall has a flag of his own and it is an official banner. This means that every time he visits an American warship and is piped over the side he will enjoy the pleasurable emotion of knowing that the V. P. flag is fluttering from the masthead.

The V. P. flag is a snow-white square of bunting, on a field of which is a blue bird representing the eagle in the coat of arms of the United States. This makes the V. P. flag the reverse of the president's flag, which consists of the coat of arms of the nation on a blue field. This is the first time in the history of the American navy that there has been prescribed for vice-president a distinctive flag to be displayed on naval vessels while he is on board one of them.

It remained for Secretary Daniels to provide Mr. Marshall with a flag. It grew out of the fact that Vice-President Marshall was going to San Francisco to represent President Wilson at the Panama-Pacific exposition. When the president arranged for himself to be represented in this manner, and plans were made for the vice-president to be received on board the armored cruiser Colorado, the flagship of Admiral Howard, it occurred to Secretary Daniels that a more fitting reception in the attendant ceremonies should be accorded him than those previously prescribed. Hence the new flag.

This new flag has now been permanently prescribed for the vice-president in the future and will hereafter be displayed on ships of the navy whenever the vice-president is on board.

The ceremonies attending a visit of the president to a ship of the navy include the manning of the rail by the crew, hoisting his flag and firing a salute of 21 guns upon his arrival, and hauling down his flag and firing a second salute upon his departure from the ship. The honors given the vice-president were formerly the same as those given the president, except that the rail was not manned by the crew and the salute of 19 guns was given only upon his departure, and the national colors were displayed during the salute.

What National Bird Reserves Do for the Farmer

IT is believed in Washington that the farmers in many parts of the United States have little idea of the extent to which the federal government goes to protect them and their interests from harm. Department of agriculture officials have often cried out against the wanton slaughter of birds, declaring that these birds were necessary to keep down the insect pests and thereby protect the farmers' crops, but they have not stopped at this. Without much ado, they have been selecting the quiet, isolated nooks of the country as bird reserves, as places where the birds could go and under the protection of the authorities rear their young in security and comfort.

At the present time there are 74 such bird reserves scattered throughout the entire country, and especially on the lonely islands that are found along the different coasts. These reserves have been created through reference from the interior department to the president, who signs executive orders declaring the place to be a reserve. Immediately these places come under the general law which makes it unlawful to kill birds, take their eggs or to willfully disturb the birds. A maximum fine of $500 and a sentence in jail for six months are provided for violations of this law.

The bird reserves now existing are being administered under the direction of the biological survey of the United States department of agriculture. During the last year nine new bird reserves were established, scattered between Alaska and Porto Rico; two new ones in Alaska, one of which, in the Aleutian islands, was established not only for the purpose of protecting native birds, but also for the encouragement of propagation of fur-bearing animals, reindeer and food fishes. Other bird reserves established during the year were in Arkansas, Alabama and Mississippi and also the Canal zone.

"Mystery" of Chimney of the British Embassy

ANOTHER "mystery" of international politics was uncovered in Washington recently by an American newspaper man. Fired by memories of the romance and intrigue in Washington during the Russo-Japanese war and by a knowledge of the "secret service" now going on in connection with the devious route of Mexican politics, but steadied by the dignity of that solemn, imposing, red-brick pile, the British embassy, at the corner of Connecticut avenue and N street northwest, the reporter linked arms with luck and inquired at the embassy:

"What happened when you had your chimney fixed?"

Said chimney is in the chancellery, between that building and the residence next door. The chimney wouldn't draw, and, therefore, there was not enough fire to warm the chilled secretaries and attaches.

Hundreds of Washingtonians who had whispered to one another the story of how a bricklayer was employed to block up an opening in the chimney, and how a set of dictaphone wires was found there, were doomed to read an unraveiment of this "mystery" of international politics that is amusing rather than important. Here it is as it came from one of the embassy attaches:

"What happened when we had our chimney fixed? Why, the fire burned all right. What did we find? Why, we found an awful lot of dust and soot. Charley is going to get a scolding for letting that chimney get so dirty."

"A Dictaphone Easily Could Be a Diplomat's Delight."

What Becomes of the Holes in Postage Stamps

ONE who passes by the bureau of printing and engraving in Washington may often see on a concrete platform a number of barrels being roughly "headed up" and loaded into wagons. If he takes a peek into one of the barrels he will see that they are filled with most peculiar looking stuff which he will be at a loss to identify. It is composed of very small particles seemingly of all the colors in the rainbow.

If the passer-by asks one of the workmen what the queer stuff is, he will be told "just holes," and further inquiry reveals that it is composed of the tiny disks made by the machines through which the sheets of postage stamps are run for perforation. They fall into baskets and being of no use whatever, are barreled up and carted to the city dump.

The bureau of printing and engraving turns out a barrel and a half of these "holes" every week day, which means nine barrels a week and 468 barrels a year. It is needless to say no one ever counted the number of "holes" in a barrel, but as the bureau prints 12,000,000,000 stamps a year and there are 21 perforations for each stamp, or a total of 251,000,000,000 for the year's output, it is evident that each of the 468 barrels contains approximately 538,461,538 holes.

LONDON IS IN CONSTANT FEAR OF ZEPPELINS

Extraordinary Precautions Are Taken to Guard Against Air Attack.

BIG TOWN A SERIOUS PLACE

No Englishman Underestimates the Task Ahead of Him—Ingenuity Taxed to Draw Men to Recruiting Offices.

By EDWARD B. CLARK.
(Staff Correspondent Western Newspaper Union.)

London.—When you look drowsily from your pillow out of your bedroom window at the sky over London and see some fleeting cloud suddenly picked out shiningly you know that the searchlights which are the sentries of this big city are on duty. London expects a visit from the Zeppelins and vigilance is in no wise relaxed. The old words of the hymn, "Watchman, What of the Night?" constantly recur to one who walks the gloom-shrouded streets.

London at night, however, is not wholly dark. Today, or should one say tonight, there is one light where once there were ten, but the one suffices to allow the stroller to pick his way and to avoid the street corner pitfalls. There are guns still pointing skyward from many a London roof. They are harmless looking weapons from the viewpoint of the street, but they are of long range and are said to be of deadly precision.

Thus far, or at any rate up to the time of this writing, London has been immune from the attacks of aircraft. What may befall some night no one knows. The signs of warning are still posted along the streets. The city dwellers are told not only to beware of the bombs of an enemy but of the falling fragments of the shells of the home guns exploding in the pathways of the aeronaut invaders.

Humorous Side of It.

There is a somewhat humorous feature about one type of the displayed poster of warning and instruction. One great sheet has on it in black silhouettes the types of the alien airships and those of the home land. The people are asked to study them and to learn the differences. A man might as well try to commit to memory the whole table of logarithms from minus infinity to plus infinity as to fix in his mind the trifling variations in construction and contour of the airship of the enemy and of the airship of the friend. When night has fallen the task of differentiation would be multiplied until learning the Bible backwards, with Shakespeare, Moliere and the dictionary of all the languages of the world thrown in, would be a job of comparatively easy accomplishment.

London is not so full of marching troops as once it was. The volunteers go quickly to the training camps. The enlistment efforts are as energetic as they have been at any time in the past, but, of course, as the material, or at any rate the willing material, is used up, the recruits diminish in number, at least such seems to be the case in this big city where, in certain parts at least, one seldom meets an able-bodied man of soldier age.

English ingenuity has been taxed to get new and striking word allurements to draw men to the recruiting offices. One recruiting poster which was supposed to be a paragon of strength either has been torn down or has been covered up in nearly all instances. It was an appeal in these words: "Give your strong right arm to your country." Above the words was the picture of a strong right arm, but, unhappily, the arm was detached from the shoulder, and the significance of the thing was such that the military authorities had a second thought and withdrew the amputated arm from the service for which it was intended.

London a Serious Place.

This big town is a serious place. No Englishman underestimates apparently the task which is ahead of him. An official said to me that a belittling of the foe or of his strength was the last thing desired by the authorities. It is known here, for constant expression is given to it, that whichever side wins in this fight will know that it has been in a fight. The German does not belittle the fighting qualities of the Englishman, nor does the Englishman say one word in depreciation of the prowess of the German.

London is a queer place in some ways these days, but no queerer probably than New York or Chicago would be in circumstances akin to those existing here. The Englishman is great for freedom of speech and this is why, probably, that men are allowed to speak publicly in Hyde Park and Regent's park against war, and so strongly in favor of immediate peace without much regard to terms that it would seem to the stranger and the pilgrim that the utterances from the point of view of authority would be almost treason.

Side by side in the parks with the peace pleaders are the recruit pleaders, who extol the glories of the empire, the righteousness of the war and the necessity for filling up the ranks at the front as fast as they are depleted.

I attended morning service on Easter day in St. Paul's cathedral. The words of the ante-communion service barely had been intoned before a voice, high pitched, rose from the center of the great edifice interrupting the service and directing the attention of the praying congregation to an anti-war meeting which was to be held in Hyde park that afternoon. The dean had left the altar to go to the pulpit. He paid no attention to the voice that was raised in the midst of the thousands of people in the edifice.

Two soldiers among the worshipers sprang at the man who had interrupted the service, but, quick as they were, two vergers, or sextons as we call them in America, were quicker and had the intruder by the collar and the slack of his trousers and were making him walk in the so-called Spanish fashion toward the nearest entrance. This incident was considered hardly strange or interesting enough for comment by the London newspapers, for they gave it only one line mention, and yet such a thing in the United States would probably have been given a column.

Has Big Home Guard.

England has a big home guard and London has its share of it. The volunteers in its ranks are men still fit for comparatively active service, but unfitted by the advance of years or by some slight physical ailment to undertake the hardships incident to campaigning at the front.

It is interesting to see these men at their work in the field. They go after business hours to the outlying parks, where they are instructed and drilled by veteran regulars who have learned their lessons in foreign fields. The boy of seventeen or eighteen, just under the age for active service, drills side by side with the man of forty-five, at whose time of life the heyday in the soldier blood is supposed to be tame. London, and all England for that matter, has made its preparation for defense from invasion, whether the invader comes through the air or over the sea. Invasion by actual armed bodies of men is not looked upon here as a probability, but I have heard it spoken of as possible by a man in public speech within twenty-four hours.

England is still wrathful over the submarine attacks on its merchant marine. The recent sinking of a passenger ship, the Falaba, has maddened men here. To a considerable extent at this time of writing the land operations and the possible shadowing of this town by the wings of a hostile war bird have been forgotten in the excitement and resentment because of the activities in the channel and the Irish sea of the under-the-water boats of the Germans.

It seems to be recognized by Englishmen that the hunting down of the submarines is about the hardest job that was ever given man to accomplish. Someone has said that submarine hunting ought to be no more difficult than whaling, but the man who has the task in hand knows that when a whale comes to the surface it has to stay there a certain length of time in order to spout, while a submarine needs only to poke its periscope above the water long enough to admit of one fleeting look at the surface of the sea and then to go down and to stay there seemingly for keeps.

English Training Camp.

I have been allowed to see one of the big English training camps of volunteers. The camp is at Aldershot, where for years the English government has maintained a military post. The troops at Aldershot, officers and men, are almost entirely composed of volunteers. They are young men from school, the government departments, the shop, the farm and the factory. Thus far England has maintained its strict standard of military requirements from the standpoint of the stamina and general physique of the men allowed to enter the ranks. So it is that at Aldershot the thousands undergoing training are sturdy youths capable of enduring the hardships of the soldier's life in field and in battle.

Daily one hears discussed the question as to whether or not before this war is over this country must resort to conscription. There are men who are holding back from enlistment who think that the foe can be overcome without their aid. The men who so think apparently are disdainful of the desire of the authorities that nothing shall be said or thought which shall tend to belittle the strength of the enemy. The average Englishman tells the American willingly that the Germans are a great people and that as yet the Germans have not exhibited their full military strength on either front of battle. The Englishman who goes out to fight or who would go if some physical disqualification or age did not prevent him from going, has little use for his brother man who, able to fight, rests at home on the feather bed, feeling that his services will not be needed.

Edward B. Clark.

Making of Officers.

They are training officers at Aldershot as they are training enlisted men. For the most part it seemed to me that the officers had been given some preliminary training either in what we Americans call school brigades or in some of the organizations semimilitary in nature which England, like other countries, has in numbers. The young officers work from reveille to taps every day at their task of learning. Anyone of the veteran noncommissioned officers now serving as drill masters knows more of camp campaigning and battle matters than any of the commissioned ones under tutelage. But these youngsters wearing the insignia of rank for the first time seemingly are much in earnest. They have a lot to learn, but they are trying to learn it quickly, for Englishmen seem to know the dire need of trying to combine thoroughness with haste in the present time of danger.

The women of England, like the women of Germany, France and Austria, are working as hard in their own way as are the men. There is no line of endeavor outside that of the actual bearing of firearms which the women of England are not following. The boys work and the girls work, and their aid, it is said here, has but warked the general strength of the nation. It always has been inconceivable to an American boy why the average Englishman has looked upon woman as just a little bit his inferior. The American learned long ago that woman was man's superior, certainly in moral courage and very likely when the pinch comes, in physical courage. I have heard it said in London that this war is bound to change the view that the Englishman for centuries has taken of the Englishwoman and, for that matter, of the woman of every other nation on earth.

British Soldiers in the Making.

FOUND AFTER LONG SEARCH

After Inheritance Went to Sea and Stayed Longer Than Planned.

San Francisco.—George Storah is a man of many travels and adventures and also many troubles. His chief trouble is keeping track of his family.

Just twelve years ago he was found in San Francisco, after a nation-wide search, employed as a feeder of pigs by Chester Edwards. The boy had come suddenly into an inheritance and was restored to his family. Then he went to sea in a German tramp and again lost his relatives.

Now he has written from Bridgeport, Conn., asking the Call and Post to help him find his sister, Mrs. Royal Gardner, whom he last heard from in Fruitvale. "I went to sea," he writes, "in a German ship and stayed longer than I had planned, and now I can't find my relatives."

He Never Gave Her "1 Cent."

Vincennes, Ind.—Alleging that her husband never even gave her as much as "one cent" since their marriage in 1907, Mrs. Nannie Hobbs has brought suit in the Knox circuit court for divorce from Peter Hobbs. Mrs. Hobbs is said to be wealthy. Both parties are well known.

STORIES from the BIG CITIES

"Step Lively" the Word in New York's Restaurants

NEW YORK.—"Step lively!" is the command one hears in the early evening here. You hear it in the subway, street cars, in fact everywhere, and you are reminded that the order is in vogue at the high-priced Broadway restaurants. The speed of the waiter in serving you is amazing and he also expects you to bolt your food. When he thinks you are done, or ought to be done, he hurries you away. You have no doubt eaten a fairly elaborate meal, for every item of which you have paid about three prices. You have paid the waiter, or are about to pay him, for bringing you the things for which you have paid the three prices. Then, perhaps, your coffee finished, you light a cigarette or a cigar, and fancy that for about two minutes you will sit back and feel comfortable. But you are not allowed to do it in peace. The waiter is right on hand with a clean cloth, which he prepares to lay for the next customer. He crowds and hustles about, removing the cloth, and plainly serving you with notice that your time is up.

The place has your money, and it wants to be rid of you. If you protest, you may receive an apology; but that will not prevent the waiter from serving the next party in just the same way. The more crowded table d'hote places have another way of getting you out when you are done. If people are waiting for your table the waiter or the proprietor indicates you, even before you get to the coffee, to the next claimants, and stands these people up against the wall, somwhere in plain view, to wait for you to get out. "That gentleman'll be through in a minute, sir." You become conscious of these people hungrily watching you. If you take your coffee a sip at a time, you have a guilty feeling that you are possibly starving two worthy people to death. Besides, it is not pleasant to be watched in this way. So you swallow your coffee in a hurry, burning your throat, and get out as fast as possible.

Club of Boomers of Mustache Meets in Boston

BOSTON.—The Mustache Club of America held its first annual banquet one evening recently at the Parker house. The scope of this young organization is nation-wide, although it was conceived in Beverly and all its members, to date, are temporary residents of that city.

Its aim is to increase the growth of mustaches on young men. There are 19 charter members, and they come from various parts of the world. Business has taken them to Beverly, and they all live now at the Y. M. C. A. there.

A heavy fine is the penalty if a member backslides and shaves off the adornment on his upper lip. At the banquet there were present nine backsliders, but each vowed he'd have his mustache again before many weeks.

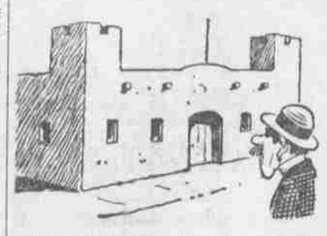
David Black of Glasgow, Scotland, minus mustache, was toastmaster, and Mayor Herman A. MacDonald of Beverly was guest of honor and principal speaker. He talked partly on "Mustaches" and partly on civic duties of young men. President Philip Browning, a backslider, spoke briefly.

Then came a historical paper, prepared and presented by Vice-President Andrew C. Hanson of Winchester, a mustache wearer, and Percy D. Collins of Saratoga Springs, N. Y., a backslider. This paper recounted the vicissitudes of existence of the mustache since the time Adam sprouted his. Except for a few short periods, "notably during the reign of Queen Anne, when periwigs were in fashion—the mustache has always been in favor. During the nineteenth century the army led the mustache-wearing custom."

Today the lack of mustaches is largely due, say these historians, to the wail of the scientist that "mustaches carry the greatest variety of germs and bacteria."

Oldest of Government Buildings Is in Santa Fe

SANTA FE, N. M.—For more than three centuries the history of the Southwest centered in the long, low, massive adobe building at Santa Fe, known as the palace of the governors. Here reigned 100 executives of New Mexico, some with high, autocratic hand, others weak and vacillating, under Spanish, Indian, Mexican and American regimes. During the Pueblo revolution of 1680 1,000 men, women and children were crowded into this building and its placita, while hordes of Indians were hurling themselves against its two protecting towers, their arrows and their missiles falling in showers upon the cowering and frightened mass of Spaniards, who replied feebly with cannon and firearms. The Spaniards finally made their escape and retreated in a memorable march to El Paso, on the Rio Grande.



The building has recently been restored. Today it houses the Museum of New Mexico, with priceless treasures of archeological interest taken from the numerous cliff dwellings in the immediate vicinity of Santa Fe.

The palace also houses the School of American Archeology, one of the five archeological schools maintained by the American Institute of Archeology, the others being in Greece, Italy, Palestine and China. The Historical Society of New Mexico, too, has its museum in the building. In addition, there are three fine libraries—one on linguistics, a library of New Mexicana and a private archeological library. New Mexico is proud of this palace of the governors, and considers it the most famous landmark in the United States, as it certainly is the oldest government building north of Mexico.

Kansas City Has an Infantile Cigarette Smoker

KANSAS CITY.—"How can you cure my son of the cigarette habit?" The questioner was a pretty woman of about thirty, and she put the puzzler to a physician at the General hospital. "Charles has been smoking steadily for three years now," she went on, "and I think it's time he was taking a cure of some kind."

A routine case, evidently, the doctor decided.

"Where is the boy?" he asked.

"Just outside the door," came the answer. "Charlie, come here!"

A child entered the room! Four years old. The doctor nearly fainted!

"Charlie's father taught him to smoke when he was a year old," the mother said. "My husband would put cigarettes between the baby's lips, and let him puff at them. The child looked so cute that way. For a year or so this kept up. Then we tried to stop it.

"But baby had grown fond of tobacco. He begged it away from home. We told our friends not to give him anything to smoke, then he stopped people on the street and got tobacco that way.

"Now he's four years old. We never let him out on the street alone, but he gets cigarettes just the same. Older boys sneak them to him. He's getting an awfully bad temper, and when he gets mad he's quite uncontrollable. We blame it all on tobacco. What medicine's good for him?"

"There's only one medicine for that child," the physician said. "That's essence of hickory, applied on a switch. We can't do anything for Charles."

The mother withdrew.

Legislate Against Debt.

To such an extent do all classes of India load themselves with unsupportable debts for the sake of the show and pomp of a marriage occasion that the government of India has become aroused and has passed laws intended to make impossible the incurring of debt beyond the ability to pay, together with much-needed legislation aimed at money lenders, who have been accustomed to extort enormous rates of interest from the helpless ryots.

Her Grievance.

When the season was almost over a storekeeper in a small southern town put a lot of dollar shirt waists in the window at 75 cents. "Say, what kind of bizness you call dis?" asked an old colored woman. "Is dat de way you try to make a liar out of yo' customers? After I been telling all de cullud folks in de neighborhood dat I paid a dollar for this shirt waist, you come an' spoil my reputation for veracity. Las' time I ever gwine to do bizness here."

PHONE CALL SAVES $50,000

New York Hotel Guest Closes Important Transaction by Across-Continent Talk.

New York.—H. Douglas Brown, assistant manager of the Vanderbilt hotel, observed E. S. Edmonson of Philadelphia impatiently pacing the corridor of the hotel. Seeing that he was observed Mr. Edmonson gave this excuse for being bothered:

"It's 28 minutes to 12, and soon every minute will be costing me something like $2,000 if I don't get a telegram from San Francisco."

He explained that an urgent business matter affecting his associate in the West was at stake in the shape of an option.

"I suggest that you use the telephone and call up San Francisco, and we will see that your call goes through with all possible haste," said Mr. Brown.

In a few minutes Mr. Edmonson was told that his business associate was ready to talk to him, and three minutes later Mr. Edmonson was able to leave to close the contract and take advantage of an option, which is said to have saved his firm $50,000.

Convicts Steal Bases.

Ossing, N. Y.—Inmates of Sing Sing prison stole many bases in the opening baseball game of the season against the St. Agustine team, made up of villagers. The convicts won by the score of 6 to 5.

Different Forms of Exercise.

"When I was a boy," said Mr. Cumrox, "I walked eight miles to go to school."

"And yet," rejoined his son Clyde, in a tone of gentle reproof, "you blame me for going in so strong for physical culture."

Occupation for Sightseers.

Visitor (at blind asylum)—I thought this institution was for both sexes, but I see only men here. Have you no female inmates?

Matron—Oh, yes; but they've all been rented out for chaperones.—Buffalo Courier.